

# all the strangest things happen around you. by VeniVeritas

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**Summary:**

Jane and Nancy have started dating in secret now. They spend their time together with picnics or sex, sometimes both at the same time. Jane has begun to crave Nancy's touch, or the touch of anyone, and Nancy delves deeper into a mindset she never thought possible. They may be dating, but each sees the other as an object, and in Nancy's case - that couldn't be more true.

One night, while out at a hideaway barn Mike uses, Nancy and Jane have another intimate session, which ends with an unexpected guest

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## all the strangest things happen around you.

### Author's Note:

So, from the beginning, I wanted to make this as sweet as possible while keeping some darker elements. Nancy and Jane very much do care and love for each other, but Jane's mind is still developing, being at the ripe age of 12. And some part of Nancy is aware of this - very hyperaware, and she's training Jane to be her own. Jane, of course, doesn't mind this. And the tease at the end of the chapter sets up the next. Things are only gonna get more wild from here.

\* I know Mike sort of shows up suddenly and out of nowhere at the end of this chapter, but let's be honest. This is shameless smut, and I wanna write some juicy gross shit. At this point, logic doesn't matter. Sue me :P

Life is calm, right now, life is *good*. It's surprising of Nancy to admit that to herself, but it is. Jonathan's brother is back, Steve has left her alone, now resigning to be her friend. But best of all – *best of everything* that's happened, she's dating El. *Jane*. She corrects herself. She really shouldn't be dating her, of course – Jane is still only 12, and Nancy just turned 18. Never mind the fact that Mike is the one who loves Jane, the difference in age alone is – *was* enough to give her pause. But one night, they made out, and had sex, and it was *fantastic*. After a while, the difference was something that only made it all that much better. Every so often, pangs of guilt crept up, but whenever she saw Jane – *her* Jane – it all went away. She never thought she'd feel this way about anyone, let alone ...

“Hi.”

Jane's voice snaps Nancy away from her reverie, back pressed against the barn door they've reserved as a hideaway. It's something she borrowed from Mike, foolishly perhaps. She knows Mike and the gang come out here sometimes. But it's the danger, she thinks, that

makes he feel excited about it all. Her heart skips a beat and she feels a smile creeping onto her face. “Hey.”

“I – missed you.” Jane says, hopping over the fence and running to Nancy, wrapping her arms around her waist. Nancy's a whole couple feet taller than her, so her head presses into Nancy's stomach, and she feels the warmth there, relishes in it.

“I missed you too, beautiful.” she pulls Jane away from her, bending down to kiss her. “Ready for a night of stargazing and picnics?”

“Yes.” she slips her hand into Nancy's own. “I brought – waffles.”

“Good. My favorite.”

“Mm. Mine too.”

Hand in hand, they slip into the barn, where Nancy has already lain out the blanket and circled candles around it. She takes a few moments to light them, casting the barn in a bright orange glow, a glow that does wonders to Jane. Nancy thinks she's just as beautiful as the day she first laid eyes on her, but tonight – tonight there is something even more magical. Maybe it's what they promised, silently, to each other; a night of peace, away from everyone they know. Jane was used to it, being alone – but now she was with someone she liked. Someone she cared about. She could feel Nancy was anxious, so she squeezed her partner's hand, offering a smile. She was glad when she got a smile in return, sitting cross-legged across from Nancy.

“You look – pretty.” Jane says, running her thumb across Nancy's hand.

“You do, too. You always do.” she leans forward, pressing a kiss to Jane's forehead. “Now, we have a choice between waffles, sandwich, or salad.” a beat. “Thank god it's not raining. The hole in the roof would be a bad thing, then.”

“So many stars.”

“Yeah. It's why I like it out here so much. I'm glad I can share it with you.”

“Waffles. Then – sandwich.”

“Roger that.”

The next couple hours were spent finishing the food they bought, Nancy pointing out what constellations she knew to Jane, and Jane asking questions about all sorts of things. Things Nancy didn't always have the answer to. But she quickly found that Jane didn't mind that – didn't mind made up answers. It was her company that Jane loved more than anything, and throughout the night, they ended up closer and closer, until Jane was held in Nancy's arms. It was peaceful, *pleasant* – if she knew the meaning of the term – and she wouldn't have it any other way. Neither would Nancy, for that matter. Around Jane, her heart constantly pounded, and she felt at ease all the time.

“Nancy.”

“Yes, Jane?”

“Can you – kiss me?”

“You don't have to ask.”

She leans down, pressing her lips to Jane's, and she welcomes the soft inhale from Jane as she does so. She feels Jane's tongue slip into her mouth, searching around for her own. She smiles through the kiss, pressing her tongue into Jane's. Briefly, she wonders where this night will take them – how far they'll go. Their first sexual experience was brief and limited, and a part of her wants to turn Jane on her back and ravish her immediately – or to *be* ravished. She can't wait to teach Jane more things, and to be between her thighs once more. It's all she can think about as she presses her hands to her partner's cheeks, deepening the kiss. She can feel a moan from Jane, a moan she matches in full. Jane shifts so she is eye level with Nancy, legs in between hers.

“You feel – good.” Jane says, breathless.

Nancy returns the sentiment, a kiss pressed underneath Jane's ear. “Yeah? You feel even better.” Her hand slips under Jane's shirt, pressing against her side. She feels the small nubs of Jane's

developing breasts, inhaling sharply. Truthfully, sometimes she *does* forget how young Jane is. But these thoughts are torn from her as she feels Jane's hand undo her jeans.

"Is this ... okay?"

"Of course – I want to feel you." Nancy helps Jane, sliding her jeans down to her ankles, grinning. "There."

"Good." Jane says, matching her grin, sliding her hand down Nancy's panties, rubbing at her growing wetness. She presses a kiss to Nancy's chin as she moans. "Nice and wet."

"All for you."

Nancy leans back against the ground, propping herself up on her elbows, letting Jane pull her panties away and toss them to the side. Her eyes close as her partner spreads her legs, pressing her mouth to her pussy. She lets out a sharp gasp, reaching down to place her hands against Jane's head, fingers grasping and pulling at the small curls she's grown over the months. Jane's tongue dances in circle around Nancy's clit, teeth scraping against it, then nibbling on it. Nancy begins to moan against her better judgment, slowly increasing in volume. Something about the size of Jane's mouth on her feels so much better than she thought it would, and her fingers begin to dig into the back of Jane's head as she arches upward. Jane looks up, a smile on her face, glad that she can make her girlfriend feel so good. It's all she's wanted to do since Nancy first kissed her – since they both agreed to date after their first time. Nancy makes her feel good – feel happy – and feel warm, all at once.

Something that Nancy picks up on, pressing Jane's face further between her legs, one of her hands moving to grab at her own hair. Her moans get louder as time goes on and it isn't long before she's cumming, fluids leaking into Jane's mouth. She's taught Jane something nice – to keep her mouth closed and give her a kiss after she cums, so she can taste herself and her wetness. Jane does this promptly and Nancy has her first, truly warming thought. *Like a good pet.* Nancy *does* like Jane, of course she does; but the way Jane makes her feel when she kisses her, or when she eats her out ... it's too good to pass up, too good not to take advantage of. She supposes Jane

wouldn't mind that and it's something that causes her to smile against Jane's mouth, moaning into her.

“Do you want me to make you feel good, now?” she asks, holding Jane's face in her hand. She smiles at Jane nodding her head. “Good girl. Lay back now.”

Jane's skin flushes and runs hot at Nancy's comment, but does as she's told. She's wearing the same outfit as when they first started dating – including the lack of panties. It's something she does around Mike and his friends too. Now that Nancy's taught her the joys and pleasures of sex, all she can think about is how they would feel too, and what things they could teach her. She loves Nancy, but Mike still has a hold over her, and, like his sister, he makes her feel warmth between her legs. The legs that Nancy now has her head between, but her actions nearly make Jane scream out in pleasure. She's eating her out and fingering her at the same time, something Jane never considered, and she runs her fingers through Nancy's hair. Her moans are breathless and they're punctuated by sharp 'Nancy, *Nancy*, oh yes's. When she closes her eyes, all she can picture is Mike doing this, and her kissing Lucas or Dustin. All she wants now is sex, with whoever will give it to her. She wonders ...

It's a train of thought cut short as she suddenly cums, back arching up, breaking the brief silence in the air with a loud scream of pleasure. She ends in a series of ragged breaths, grasping more of Nancy's hair, pulling at it. She wants more – and she's thankful when Nancy continues, with no thought given to asking. She doesn't know it yet – but she's thankful to be so sex-starved and craved by someone. 'More, *more*.' she moans out, and she knows Nancy obliges, sliding a third finger in her this time. This is a first, but she doesn't complain – it hurts, then eventually begins to feel even better. She didn't know she could feel this good ever. Out of nowhere, however, Nancy stops, sliding her fingers out and before Jane can whine, she's filled with Nancy's fingers, down her throat. She welcomes them, greedily, gagging on it.

“You're so cute.”

And this causes Jane to whine around her fingers, brow raised, eyes pleading for more. She wants Nancy's touch, wants to make her feel

good and feel good in return.

“What –” a familiar voice causes Nancy to stop, looking out into the night.

“Oh, *shit*, Mike –”

“Nancy, what are you *doing* –”

Nancy's fingers pull out of Jane's mouth, and she moves to grab her panties and jeans, then stops. She shouldn't, she *really* shouldn't, but after all ... “Hey – why don't you join us?”

“*Join* you? You mean – but ...”

“Mike. Feels good.” Jane says, standing and offering her hand out.

Mike, hesitant, offers a sharp intake of breath. He likes Jane – likes her *a lot*. And he's thought about it in his room at night, hand under his jeans. Even worse – sometimes he's thought about Nancy too. He's seen her coming out of the shower before, all wet and slick. It's given him plenty of things to think about. He shouldn't. He *really* shouldn't. But – it's *Jane*. And also his *sister*.

“O-okay. Okay. Let's do this.”